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When Germany Lost the War.

No man knows exactly when and where the three and twenty allies will win the war, but all men know when and where Germany lost it. It was four years ago this morning, at a point near Gemmenich, a village southwest of Aix-la-Chapelle. It was then and there that the first gray uniform crossed the frontier from Germany into Belgium.

An hour before and it was not too late for Germany to win the war, or at least to lose it with honor. An hour afterward, and Germany was doomed. What has befallen her since that 4th of August, what will befall her in the future, were predetermined from the fatal instant of that summer morning when the first German soldier trod where Prussia had promised he should never go. There is not a German killed to-day in the flight to the Vesle whose fate was not written at Gemmenich.

It was not merely that the invasion of a land guaranteed perpetual neutrality brought Great Britain into the fight and turned into a world war what Germany had hoped would be a small, swift and easy campaign. It was the exposure of Germany herself. Know of her what we may to-day, we thought of her otherwise four years ago yesterday. She had thrown about herself a mantle which hid the sword and the thick, studded boots. She worked at science and played, in a grotesque way, at art. She sang and thumped the piano. She cleaned her streets and washed her children's faces. Many persons in America and England believed that she was efficient and that her very verboten signs were guides to the ideal life. Even as the Kaiser reviewed his armies he babbled of peace; peace, to believe him, was the first object of his life.

Gemmenich showed us that what we thought was a fat, moral lady playing the piano was really a bestial male Prussian, a coward as well as a liar and a pervert. We do not know of any writer who has condensed the proof of Germany's falsehood and cowardice into so few words as VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, who, as Chancellor of the empire, spoke as follows to the Reichstag four years ago this afternoon:

"Gentlemen, we are now acting in self-defence. Necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and have possibly already entered on Belgian soil. [The speaker knew that the invasion had begun.]

"Gentlemen, that is a breach of international law.

"The French Government has notified Brussels that it would respect Belgian neutrality as long as the adversary respected it. But we know that France stood ready for an invasion. France could wait, we could not. A French invasion on our flank and the lower Rhine might have been disastrous. Thus we were forced to ignore the rightful protests of the Governments of Luxemburg and Belgium. The injustice—I speak openly—the injustice we thereby commit we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained. He who is menaced as we are and is fighting for his all can only consider the one and best way to strike."

There stood the great German Empire, intensively trained in the arts of war for forty years, pleading cowardice in extenuation of her broken word. "France could wait, we could not!" A brave man, BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, unless he knew before he spoke that the whole nation had sunk to the immoral level of the cowards who invaded Belgium because they feared that on a fair field France would have beaten them! It is curious that in the whole record of German statecraft in the war the Chancellor's confession of his empire's degradation stands out almost like a clean thing.

The Chancellor did not deceive the people except in his implication that France would have struck through Belgium if Germany had not. He did not deceive himself, either. He knew the cowardice of Germany. It is probable that he believed, as the Junkers believed, that England, too, was a coward. Prince LICHNOWSKY had told them the truth about England, but they had not believed. In the years of Kultur they had forgotten what honor was like. They chose to credit the stories that England was torn with dissensions, threatened with rebellion in Ireland and India, nervous from labor troubles, and not only physically unprepared for war but mentally and morally unfit for war. Even the telegram of Sir EDWARD GREY, communicated on the day of Belgium's invasion to the German Government by the British Ambassador at Berlin, did not dispel the illusion about Great Britain:

"In view of the fact that Germany declined to give the same assurance respecting Belgium as France gave last week in reply to our request made simultaneously at Berlin and Paris, we must repeat that request and ask that a satisfactory reply to it and to my telegram of this morning be received here by 12 o'clock to-night. If not, you are instructed to ask for your passports and to say that his Majesty's Government feel bound to take all steps in their power to uphold the neutrality of Belgium and the observance of a treaty to which Germany is as much a party as ourselves."

Even that memorable document, we say, did not convince Germany that common honor still lived across the Channel. The Foreign Secretary, VON JAGOW, a mere tool of the Kaiser, took it mechanically; but VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG added to the sum of German cowardice. Brave as he had been in the Reichstag, he whimpered to Sir EDWARD GOSCHEN when he saw that "12 o'clock to-night" on paper. This account of the conversation is GOSCHEN'S, but the German Chancellor later confirmed the Englishman's version:

"I found the Chancellor very agitated. His Excellency at once began a harangue which lasted for about twenty minutes. He said that the step taken by his Majesty's Government was terrible to a degree; just for a word—'neutrality,' a word which in war time had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her."

When he added that it was a matter of "life and death" to Germany to advance through Belgium, the British Ambassador replied that it was "a matter of life and death for the honor of Great Britain that she should keep her solid engagement to do her utmost to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked." Her utmost! Aye, she has done it!

A last gasp from the German Chancellor: "But at what price will that compact have been kept? Has the British Government thought of that?" Sir EDWARD GOSCHEN replied that "fear of consequences could hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking solemn engagements," but these words were lost. The German Chancellor had abandoned himself to the contemplation of the truth; that morning Germany had been beaten when a soldier stepped across a line. How long the decision might be in dispute BETHMANN-HOLLWEG could not know, but he must have known that, cheating, Germany had loaded the dice at the wrong side. If she had struck fairly at France England would have had to stand by, neutral. The seas would be open to Germany. If France had violated Belgium's neutrality—as Germany professed to believe she intended to do—England would have attacked France, keeping the pledge made in the Treaty of London. But now, because England weighed a promise and not the price of keeping it, there could be no swift stroke at lone France, no dash eastward to subdue Russia. To-day, when Germany sees how ripe Russia was then for revolution, the remembrance of that 4th of August must be the bitterest drop in the deep cup of her regret.

The items at which we have glanced were not all or even the most important acts of Germany's dawning tragedy. It was not merely that she revealed herself to the world, but that she revealed herself to herself. The moving picture of Kultur, of fake idealism, of humaneness, which she had unreeled before our charitable eyes was stopped, and stopped forever. The film, exposed momentarily to the flame of truth, exploded and left on the screen the hideous picture of Germany as she was. No more sham for a naked nation. In went the unmasked Prussian to outrage and murder, to bind and burn. Rape, slavery and torture came forth from the caves of inhibition. When a Government violated the word of the world, why should the individual check his passions? All the world, at first unbelieving, watched the procession of horror, and then, against its wishes, against all the ingrained faith that the long years had stored within the human breast, the world saw that it was dealing with nothing less than a monster.

England's day, this? Yes, and a glorious anniversary for her. She has indeed kept her "solid engagement to do her utmost." In a million graves are men of the British Empire who did not consider the price at which the compact would be kept. Their lives for a scrap of paper—and welcome! When we think that we are winning the war—and nobody denies that it is American men and food and ships and guns that are winning it now—let us look back to the 4th of August, 1914, and remember what nation it was that stood between the beast and his prey, scorning all his false offers of kindness to Belgium, his promises not to rob France, and his hypocritical cry of "kindred nation" to the England he really hated.

But it is not alone England's day. It is the day of the opening of the world's eyes to the criminality of Prussia. It is the anniversary of Germany's loss of the war. We—America, France, England, Italy and the rest of us—will win it, but Germany lost it herself with the one stroke at Gemmenich. She believed it a masterpiece of cunning. It was the foul thrust of a coward and the deliberate mistake of a fool.

Eighteen to Forty-five.

Senator CHAMBERLAIN'S announcement that the Secretary of War will recommend that the draft ages be made from 18 to 45, and that bills embodying the important change will be introduced in Congress at once, indicates that at last an important and much debated question is to be settled, and in a sensible way.

The announcement coincides with the report of the President's conversion to the belief that youths between 18 and 21 should have military training. Perhaps he has been convinced, as are most military men, and as Secretary BAKER is, that the young men just below voting age are wonderful fighting material. THE SUN has held that view for a long time, and has advocated lowering the age to take these young men in.

The conscription law, as originally drawn, called for the services of men between 19 and 26. That is the real "over the top" age, although some men preserve the spirit much longer. Congress, after much discussion, chose the ages of 21 and 31, but discussion did not end with that decision. Never has a subject before Congress drawn forth such a variety of opinion. All during June the Senate rang with argument on a topic that interests almost every household. It seemed as if every Senator had a theory of his own.

Making the ages 18 and 45 is sensible because it creates an elastic plan. It will add to the army a great number of young men under 21. These are for the most part strong, willing and unmarried. They have not yet become important parts of the industrial world; their places in business can easily be filled by middle aged men or by women. They will be more easily trained, more quickly amenable to discipline, than are the older men.

Making the superior age 45 will be of benefit to industry in certain ways. There are many unmarried men between 31 and 45—men without dependents—who can easily be spared from their occupations. By taking these men into the army America will put off the day, perhaps forever, when it will be necessary to draft men under 31 who have dependents. And that day would soon be here if the reports are true that, under the present draft law, the stream of men going into the army will begin to diminish in November. Perhaps this is the reason why Congress has decided not to wait until September to renew the discussion, but to act now.

The average man over 40 may be of little use as a soldier in the field, but he is well adapted for the less strenuous tasks in the service of supply, and the service of supply may mean France or Arizona.

The recommendations of Secretary BAKER are broad enough to assure America a big army, and this country is not in the mood to put a limit on the size of our forces. We need an army of a certain size—the size that is big enough to whip Germany.

The Loyalty of Our Dependencies.

Manila has voted a monument and a memorial tablet to THOMAS CLAUDIO, the first native to die with the American forces in France. This recognition of his death as an American soldier is an evidence of the depth of feeling in the Philippines and the islanders' unswerving faithfulness to the pledge of support to the Government that they made when the United States entered the struggle.

The Filipinos early announced their loyalty to the United States. They were prompted to this not only by a sense of gratitude to this country but by an inherent fear and abhorrence of Germany. They had seen the Germans exercise their boasted superiority in dominating and oppressing the natives of German colonies of the East. They knew of German barbarities in South Africa; and there was not a leader in all the archipelago who had not heard of the Kaiser's orders to his troops sent on the punitive expedition to China, "Use your weapons so that for a thousand years no Chinese will dare to look upon a German askance." They contrasted this treatment with the consideration that they had received from the United States. When the news was received in Manila of America's entry into the war 50,000 persons answered the call spontaneously and marched to the residence of the Governor-General and cheered the representative of American authority.

MANUEL L. QUERZON, first President of the Philippine Senate, came to Washington to tender a division of Filipino troops for war service. "Every province, every district, every municipality," he said, "recorded its desire to aid in all possible ways the preparations to take a real part in the war." Among the first to offer their service were members of the Filipino Veterans Association, men who had served under the Filipino flag and had fought in the revolts against the United States Government. The whole National Guard of the island, numbering about 25,000 men, volunteered for Federal service, and many of the tribesmen who had served in the scout or constabulary organizations clamored for a chance to take an active part in the war. There was no official public statement of how large a force was taken from the Philippines, but the action of the city of Manila shows that the islands had an opportunity to prove the sincerity of their offer.

Not the Filipinos alone have shown their loyalty to this Government. Porto Rico has provided almost 13,000 men and many officers, besides subscribing liberally to the Red Cross and $3,000,000 to the Liberty Loan bonds. Hawaii was called upon to supply 2,403 men for the army of guards and responded at once with 5,000 volunteers. The islands' allotment for the Liberty Loans was $3,000,000. They subscribed $8,500,000. In addition to these contributions, all the islands owing allegiance to the United States have given men to the navy, in which they are making admirable records.

It is a magnificent testimonial to the system of government which the United States has exercised in her dependencies that there has not been in any of them a single discordant note during the war. Instead there has been the highest sense of support and loyalty. This is the more gratifying because we were solemnly warned, by no commentators more solemnly than by those of German extraction, that we could never learn to govern colonies, and that our ambition to win the hearts and cultivate the minds of our wards, instead of merely exploiting their lands and labor, was destined to costly and humiliating disappointment.

Courtesy in the Public Service.

In the circular letter of instruction sent to the employees under his jurisdiction by A. H. SMITH, the regional director of railroads, the men are reminded that the abolition of competition does not relieve them from the obligation to be courteous, and they are further instructed that:

"Perhaps in part this condition [of inattentiveness to passengers and others] also is due to a mistaken feeling that the Government is in a sense paramount to the public, especially in time of war, and hence that there is no occasion for solicitude as to the public attitude."

This warning has not come too soon, though the conditions which have called it forth do not exist on all railroads. It is an instructive fact that on the lines whose managers, while they were in private control, insisted on politeness from employees as part of their service to the public, the tradition of good manners still persists and influences the employees in their attitude toward travellers. But on roads on which manners were bad before the Government took them over there has been a noticeable tendency toward even less considerate behavior than has been customary on the part of their workers. Mr. SMITH reminds the men that Director-General MCADOO wants to maintain not only an adequate service, but a comfortable service, and:

"An essential part of adequate and comfortable service is considerate and courteous treatment, the saving of every individual from unnecessary hardship and discourtesy."

It is unfortunately a fact that many Government employees do not display ordinary politeness in their dealings with the public. Their bureaucratic brusqueness is notorious. Trainmen and ticket sellers should avoid it; and if Postmaster-General BURLESON is wise he will act at once to prevent its introduction among the telephone and telegraph operators who have come under his charge.

The new City Hall cupola, having refused to aid in the celebration of both Fourth of July and Bastile Day, has been induced to shed the upper half of its scaffolding in honor of this anniversary of the day on which England taught Germany a lesson in the sacredness of treaties.

A careful study of recent writings by German military experts reveals these illuminating details of Prussian strategy: The Kaiser's soldiers retreated in order to improve their lines; they were forced to retreat because traitorous German prisoners had informed General FOCH of the Crown Prince's plans; they are not retreating; they are retreating because their advance proved the Allies could be driven back; they abandoned the Marne because it is nothing but a river, after all, with as much territory on one side as on the other; they withdrew across the Marne because they discovered that there were no Americans on its banks; they retired because the Americans did not know when they were licked; they fell back because an advance is a mere "geographical conception"; Paris is where it can be taken at will, and they don't want Paris.

The Hon. J. HAMPTON MOORE, Representative in the Congress from Philadelphia, will have his joke no matter how serious the matter concerned. His proposal to the Ways and Means Committee to write into the new revenue bill a tax of $3 a bale on cotton easily lands him at the head of the class of Congressional humorists.

THE QUISTCONCK.

A Philologer Holds the Name Appropriate for a Hun Ship.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is well to call ships by names which smack of the soil of America, and many Indian names are euphonious and appropriate for ship names, and it may be interesting for the ship's company to know that the etymological significance of their ship's name is the habitation of the animal "which your prophet the Nazarite drove the devil into," but "Quistconck," meaning "the place for hogs," would seem to be a name better suited for a ship of the enemy. WILLIAM S. WHITEHEAD.

NEW YORK, August 3.

The Rendezvous.

A small pink soldier blithely came
To get into the mighty game
And leave his mark upon the same.

He came from happy Nowhere Land,
A country from whose magic strand
All mortal ill is ever banned.

Ah, what a contrast greets his eyes,
Here battle, grief and sacrifice
And pain; and death before him lies.

Unheeding of our world of strife,
Unheeding of the sorrow rife,
He kept his rendezvous with Life.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

A DERELICT.

A man of many years, and old for his years; a little above the average size, and shoulders broad but rounded, bent. His clothes, evidently the cast off garments of a man still larger, too big for him and very old and shabby; cords tied around the bottoms of the trouser legs to keep them from dragging on the ground. Flannel shirt, old hat. His earthly possessions, whatever they might be, in a small bundle wrapped in a newspaper and carried under his arm.

He walked slowly; so slowly he scarcely more than kept moving; he made no exertion. Clearly he did no work; and as the passersby looked at him they wondered how he lived, how and where he got his food, and where he slept at night.

And yet he was not forlorn. Rather he was tranquil, quite tranquil, as he barely moved along, holding in his teeth a corncob pipe, while stuck in the lapel of his coat was a tiny metallic American flag; this flag, worn and rusty, like his clothes, but still showing its colors.

He was not a tramp. He was too old for that. He lacked the latent enterprise and vigor that the tramp at times may need. He was a derelict. But his presence in this lovely park showed him to be not insensible to the charms of nature; that corncob pipe revealed clearly enough that he was not dulled to other enjoyment, and the battered little flag he wore betokened that there was still alive within him the spark of patriotism.

A derelict, but one not perhaps wholly beyond hope of salving.

DR. HALE'S MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

The Purpose and Effect of an Immortal Short Story.

Professor Edwin W. Rowen of Randolph-Macon College in South Atlantic Quarterly.

It is manifest, then, that Dr. Hale was recognized as a writer in request when the civil war broke out. The war, however, served to enhance his reputation as a writer, for it was during those dark days that he wrote and published in the *Atlantic Monthly* "The Man Without a Country," generally conceded his finest and most popular short story.

If, as some critics have pointed out, "My Double and How He Undid Me" asserts the rights of the individual, assuredly "The Man Without a Country" sets forth the claims of society as the paramount necessity. The underlying basis of this latter story had been used before by its author in "The Children of the Public," which exhibits a more definite treatment of this same thesis. But that story did not make the universal appeal Dr. Hale desired. So he studied out another plot for a story and the time of the appearance of this story conspired to make it an immediate and phenomenal success.

For "The Man Without a Country" had its inception in the days of the civil war and was designed to teach the imperative demand of society that a man should have a country and all that the notion of patriotism imports. The effect of "The Man Without a Country" upon the North, at the time of its first publication when recruits were coming forward and rallying to the colors quite slowly, was thrilling; for the story electrified the young men of the land and sent them by the thousands into the army to the defence of their country.

Men did not stop to inquire about the assumed facts of the story, nor did they understand the motive that called the story into being, but accepted the story at its face value, believing it to be a true narrative of history. The author's motive in writing this marvellous story, as he informed the public years after, was to make his own "contribution, however humble, toward the formation of a just and true national sentiment, a sentiment of love to the nation."

The public, to be sure, did not recognize at the time that the story was an extravaganza presented in a most simple and realistic manner, and written with a most practical aim in view. As has been remarked, the story does not set forth the true history of its hero, Philip Nolan, who had gone to Texas and really been shot by the Spaniards. With the matter of the veracity of the narrative the public was, apparently, not concerned; it was concerned with the impression produced, which was not of fiction, but of actual fact.

"The Man Without a Country" was forged in the fire of the civil war, and its appeal was instant and universal. It is an excellent piece of fiction and deservedly ranks as one of the best of our American short stories. Dr. Hale himself was of course very much gratified at the cordial reception of the story as mere literature, for it served to place him among our foremost short story writers. He afterward included it in his volume of stories to which he gave the odd title "If, Yes and Perhaps."

RENTS IN NEW YORK.

Are the Increases Ordered by the Landlord Justified?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Is it not time for the Government to take some hand in the control of the situation arising from the deliberate abnormal increases that have been imposed upon those who rent apartments in this city?

In many cases the increase is 50 per cent. All sorts of excuses are given, such as the prices of operation, coal, &c., but the fact remains that while there was a shortage of fuel last winter, which by the way the tenants were made to suffer from without any compensation by the landlords in the deductions of rents, this can be obtained at fairly reasonable figures at present.

The cost of operating the apartment houses has been considerably reduced by the discharge of a number of employees. It is asserted that their places cannot be filled owing to the draft, but whether this be true the fact remains that in the larger apartments doormen have been dispensed with, elevator boys reduced in number, &c., all of which must mean, even if some increases of wages be paid to those who remain, a considerable saving to the owners.

Similarly storage warehouses, furniture movers, &c., have taken advantage of the situation by increasing, and in some cases trebling, their charges.

In Great Britain a law was passed in 1914 prohibiting any landlord asking an increased rent over that which was paid prior to August, 1914, for either houses or flats. Should not a similar course be adopted here immediately so as to avoid the suffering, inconvenience, &c., that many will have to bear about October 1? H. G. A.

NEW YORK, August 3.

Detail Overlooked.

Knicker—What do you think of the new subway?

Bocker—Nearly perfect; it only lacks barbed wire entanglements.

THE BETTER SPEECH CLUB.

Some of the Everyday Outrages Upon the Language.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Where are the Pure Speech League of London and the Cleaner Speech League of Chicago? Alas, echo answers, Where? Although the lives of most of the associations formed in the past for the improvement of speech have been short, let us hope that the recently founded Better Speech Club will have a long lease of life, for every effort made that leads us away from the ill kempt, sloppy and tatterdemalion unloveliness of workaday English is deserving of hearty support.

Some of us mouth our sentences as curs mouth their bones. Such expressions as "He done it," "I seen it," "Them things," "You was," are heard on every side. "Drank" and "drunk" are constantly misused. "Like" is a frequent substitute for "as if," and "feel badly" is used, apparently with meticulous care, when "feel bad" is better English. Why do some of us use the Scots law term "proven" when one invariably means to convey the sense of the English word "proved"? Why employ such a form as "goes on to say" when "says" is just as good if not infinitely better? Why say "Mr. Brown went on to say" when one means "Mr. Brown continued"? Why in the world prefer to talk of "fight'n'" and "shoot'n'" or of "fish'n'" and "hunt'n'" when by carefully enunciating the final syllable of these words one can overcome one of the worse phases of slovenliness in speech? The man who trims his words by imperfect utterances and clips their final syllables thereby tacitly admits his preference for the vulgar tongue.

We have evidence on every side that there is room for improvement in the present day usage of English speech, not merely by citizens of alien birth, but by men and women of American and British birth and breeding. We are notoriously neglectful of our speech and

So much we scorn the crowd that if the throng
By chance go right we purposely go wrong.

Good English is learned easily and rapidly by hearing it spoken and by reading it. To be good it does not always have to conform to the rules codified by the grammarians, and it is not imperatively necessary that it should do so. One who is a master of language pays little attention to these rules. Such a one was William Shakespeare. To him we owe much that is good in English and little that is bad. Notwithstanding the latter fault, he had the happy knack of writing in such a way that he was commonly understood. One example of his freedom from grammatical restraint is preserved to us in the following words which he placed in the mouth of a Duke. They are taken from "As You Like It," act III., scene 1—The Forest of Arden:

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

If the reader of these lines be a grammarian, let him make them conform to the rules of his grammar without resorting to explanations that this or that is wanting, or that that was meant, if he can. No matter how sternly one may repress the misuse of English, it is impossible to correct all the errors that are sanctioned by the exceptions that prove the grammarian's rule, and that are established by usage, because these are now so firmly fixed that they have become accepted idioms. To acquire an accurate knowledge of these it is necessary to maintain a continuous right hand friendship with a desk dictionary, the practical value of which is immeasurable.

A casual or an intimate knowledge of the science of grammar is not indispensable to any one who would speak English correctly. It is desirable, of course, because through this knowledge one is able to dissect speech and to explain the relations of words to one another, but it is not a sine qua non. Children, who never give a thought to grammar before they speak, often speak excellent English. That there are some who will ill use their mother tongue goes without saying. Evil communications still corrupt good grammar in the home or on the street, and they will continue to do so, notwithstanding all the steps that may be taken to prevent them from so doing.

By associating with persons who speak correctly one learns almost imperceptibly to do the same thing. By reading the best books, the masterpieces of our tongue, one familiarizes oneself with the forms that are accepted as standards.

Much modern English that is strictly grammatical is starched English, so stiff that it has lost its inherent quality, that plasticity which makes our language one of the easiest into which to mould thought. But stiffness is not the only fault. There is, in addition to this, a tendency to give to words values that they do not command. To what influences are we to trace the violations done to word values nowadays? Is it due to the contempt for classic learning that has manifested itself in some parts of the United States during the last twenty years? Or is it because the world of letters has been overrun by hordes born to use the shovel rather than the pen, who, in the words of Pope, forget, when they knock, that "there's nobody at home."

Improvement of speech if it is to be effective must, like charity, begin in the home; for the home, not the newspaper or the book, not the school or college, is the true source of good English. The others are the home's valued aids in attaining perfect diction. Just as it is in the home that speech pollution begins, it is there that it must be checked. FRANK H. VIZETELLY.

NEW YORK, August 3.

Collector Loeb's Term of Office.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In my article in THE SUN of August 1, attempting to draw a living portrait of the Hon. Daniel Magone, I have committed a political anachronism that is quite unpardonable in a chronicler but a rather venial sin for a portrait painter. Mr. William Loeb, Jr., appears in it to have owed his appointment as Collector of Customs to President Roosevelt, which is, in spite of his well known and valuable service to that virile American as private secretary, quite aside from the fact.

Mr. Loeb's appointment came from President Taft, and his term of office expired concurrently with that of Mr. Taft as President.

THE SUN will do me the favor to make this public correction as early as possible. It will save much ink and possibly some valuable space.

FINDLAY SACKETT.

NEW YORK, August 3.

"RELIGION'S BUSINESS IN THIS EPOCH IS TO WIN THE WAR!"

Pay More Attention to Heroism and Less to Spirituality, Says a Unitarian Weekly.

From the Christian Register, Boston, Mass.

What is wrong with many of our contemporaries of the so-called religious press? Why do they not mightily declare their passion to win the war? We cannot escape the impression that they have not quite satisfied themselves about its "spiritual" integrity. They certainly do not make its righteousness burn in their editorials and news. They do not set out the issue forthright and downright. If they are not slackers they are shrinkers. They simply cannot stand up to the ordeal with their sons and brothers "over there." It is too terrible. What a pity! The best they can make of it is that it is the world's sorry way of settling great issues. Their timorous approach to the chronicle of battle, their temporizing with those who may fairly be called pacifists, their omission from their columns of the grim but glorious facts that are being achieved for their security, amaze us and distress us. They are failing ingloriously in their duty.

Featuring Y. M. C. A. huts and printing the portraits of denominational representatives among army and navy chaplains, fellow editors, doesn't touch the heart of this war and our duty in it. Not at all. The soldier is winning this victory first, not the man of the Red Triangle, nor yet he of the Holy Cross. The fighting man's is the honor and the glory of the spiritual magnificence. All that our ministries to him can accomplish—and it is no little thing—is to praise his nobleness, comfort, hearten, and cheer him. One gets the impression from the pietistic fulsomeness of sundry church papers that the chief opportunity of this war is to glorify religion, to tell the men about God, about immortality, about the spiritual credentials that must inhere in their character and conduct, not as means to victory, but as apologetics for the faith.

Religion's business in this epoch is to win the war. The assumption seems to be made that the religious forces have their separate rights and functions. We need a constant, heroic word for the war from both Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick and Mr. John R. Mott. They are reported as being interested in getting clean recreations, decent moral conditions and high religious influences for the men. Occasionally, as in the article by Mr. Mott in this issue, the proper theme is dominant, but it is exceptional.

The only reason we give our millions to the auxiliary agencies in this war is that they shall really be auxiliaries and speed the complete victory. We denounce a new variety of religious institution whose glory is in itself. What we demand more and more is that our spiritual forces truly show "force, force without stint or limit," the spiritual urge that is the determining power in any human engagement. It is the only raison d'être of our churches' part in the crisis. Is it not, therefore, a subtle and smug and pernicious conceit which our religious press is nurturing in its constituency? Is it not the old sacrosanct wickedness that religion is its own end? We wonder how the fathers and mothers feel about it who are offering upon the altar of holy liberty their offspring, their faces fresh with morning light, their hearts as strong as steel.

This worse than impotent business must stop. Our leaders must talk about the war and their passion to help win the war, and not about even Jesus Christ in such wise as to divert them from the duty which is summed up in His own words, "The truth shall make you free." Make Him the Captain, not the pietist.

In too many cases which come under our view, as we read the alleged religious papers, the policy of religionists is to laud their own work. We have listened to speech after speech by so-called religious leaders, as we have read thousands of editorials and articles in the church papers, and only once in a hundred times does either speaker or writer go to the centre and sqal of the business and utter a ringing challenge to win the war for God and Christ and mankind. They skirt around the edge of the principal enterprise, urging with fervor and tremulous emphasis the well being of the souls of the soldiers, and appealing to the sentiment of affectionate religionists instead of championing the heroism of great hearted soldiers. It is all wrong, shamefully wrong. In our portion of this world every shred of our fibre is dedicated to make the whole world the very Kingdom of God and His righteousness by means of this war.

We are done with the implicit and meanly adroit apologies in the religious press about our part in the war. The *Christian Register* for one has pressed and will continue to press the war with all its heart and soul, with all its might and power. It believes its constituency loves liberty (vouchsafed of God as a birthright) infinitely more than it shrinks from offering the body to be slain, infinitely more than it fears death. The overwhelming opinion of mankind is that the war is the only way. We believe it is God's judgment. We waited with the patience and perseverance of the saints for another and a better way. By the guidance and power of the Eternal God, the Almighty Captain of the hosts of universal brotherhood, may we flinch not and yield not. We know one thing. We say one thing. We suffer nothing that secretly diverts or piously veneers it. There is nothing to our hand and soul now and for months to come but the conquest of a race lusting to wrest our freedom from us. Hear this, ye editors, and gird up the loins of your mind!

PAYING FOR THE WAR.

All Hands Will Contribute to a Great and Righteous Cause.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* E. T. Bedford, chairman of the Corn Products Refining Company, expresses the opinion that the cost of the war should be borne entirely by the present generation and should be levied by direct taxation, leaving future generations exempt and free of all debit financial inheritance emanating from the war. He believes that now is preeminently the time to pay for our share in the war, while the entire people are red hot with anger and revenge for the crimes and outrageous insults of the Hohenzollerns and Germans.

His psychology on the latter point is beyond criticism, but many will disagree with Mr. Bedford in confining the financial burden of the war to those now living, who are also obliged to bear other and more crushing losses. As future generations have received a legacy of unstained and genuine democracy, they should be required to bear some of the cost of the saving and safeguarding for them of this noble heritage of freemen. Moreover, a moderate impost would unquestionably be for their spiritual good. Too much prosperity is not desirable, as it equally leads to impious and insolent materialism. Everybody knows the well known lines upon the conduct of the devil when he was sick and when he got well.

NEW YORK, August 3. T. E. W.

POTATO SEED.

A Reformed Proofreader Turned Farmerette Produces It.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On reading a letter in THE SUN entitled "Potato Seed," sub heading, "A Call for a Reward of $1,000 Said to Have Been Offered Last Year," I want to state that I have in my possession three seed balls which I picked from my potato plants to-day. The plants were loaded with blossoms, and the pods are from one plant.

When in business I was a proofreader, and as I have developed into a very successful farmerette, and discovered such a rare thing, I would like very much to get in touch with the author of the award and "call his bluff," as I have the real thing and not a promise of the seed ball.

K. R. I.

ROCHELLE PARK, August 3.

A Gentle Indiana Hint.

Advertisement in Aurora Bulletin.

Will party who borrowed our wagon without our knowledge please return same as we are needing it?

THE EARLY & DANIEL COMPANY.

"England's Day"—And Ours.

Does any one ask, in doubt, or loving fear,
What day is "England's day"—that shall command
A festival in her high honor planned?
Go, say that every day in all the year
Is henceforth hers—and ours—to hold it dear!
Great motherland of this our motherland,
They do not need to pledge, to give the hand,
Whose alms are one, whose kinship is so near!

Yet, if one day of all were made our choice,
Let it be that which saw, at Runnymede,
A grim king fix his seal upon a scroll
That changed a world—gave the full civic voice—
Gave right the judgment by one's peers to plead
Gave thee and thine, O England, a New Soul!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE GREAT LYNCHING.

Will President Wilson Attack the Vote Lynchers of the South?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Since the President has condemned the lynching of persons, mob action as against the life of American citizens, why not go further and as strongly condemn the lynching, so long perpetrated by the South in the saddle democracy, of the constitutional liberty of the politically mob ruled in the disfranchised and repressed South?

Mob methods of domination of government, government by a political oligarchy, breed and inspire and embolden mob violence against persons; while real democracy, a voice in government, ballot rights, are the only safe guarantees of the citizen from the lawlessness and violence of the man hunting mob.

The vote lynching mob is productive of the man lynching mob. One is as contemptible as the other. Around the ballot hinges and centres everything that is sacred to human rights in America. The ballot is the voice in our American democracy.

The ballot is essential in the selection of those who make and who execute our laws. Denial of voice in government, the repression methods of the political oligarchy in the South, is the very root of the lynching pastime in the South. Lynchers of the liberty guarantees of the American Constitution are equally as adept and practised in lynching persons. In no other section of the United States except that section dominated by the Southern oligarchy do we find this lynching of ballot rights and this continued lynching of persons. The South in the saddle democracy is both a brutal political autocracy and mobocracy is the reason why.

A vigorous repudiation by the rest of the country of this system of political repression and of this mob minority government in the Southern States is what, to be effective of beneficial results, is needed. Voice in government, and that only, is what will enable the repressed South to save itself from the lyncher.

Colored Americans will recall that prior to the 1912 Presidential election a delegation headed by Bishop Walters was told by the Democratic candidate for President that in the event of his election he would treat all American citizens alike, &c. No sooner had the new Administration taken hold in Washington than the policy of segregating Government employees was adopted.

Disfranchised Americans want voice in government and they agree that those who repress voice in government at home, who lynch the American constitution and American citizens, as is the case with the South in the saddle Democratic party, are not to be accepted "as the champion of liberty either for ourselves or for the world." Those of us at all informed know that the Southern Democracy is not a proper spokesman for democracy either at home or abroad. To be consistent, to make the world safe for democracy the hour has struck to clean house at home and the occasion to begin the house cleaning is in the coming congressional election of 1918.

JOSEPH C. MANNING.

NEW YORK, August 3.

Will Chewing Gum Be Spared?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Do you think the restrictions on the use of sugar for making candy will affect chewing gum? It is to be hoped that it will not, as it might interfere with the efficiency of our conductorettes.

QUIDNUNC.

NEW YORK, August 3.